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Politics as a Business.

Young men who think of making politics a business should stop and consider. The path to political preferment is seemingly broad and smooth, but when once entered upon, it proves long and tiring and is so full of obstacles, not visible at the outset, that only the most patient perseverance and an uncommon ambition can successfully overcome them. It is easy enough to get a start in the political arena. Genial manners will soon win hosts of political friends to the youth who brings his unbounded enthusiasm along, and an average intelligence will, without much effort, secure him quite a place in local politics. But this will not be sufficient for a proud mind, and yet but a very few ever get beyond. Very small is the number of those whose superior intellect raises them above their fellows, smaller yet the number of those who find public recognition; profitable enough to enrich them. Many a man who started out with a hopeful heart and under promising auspices has passed through politics to poverty and obscurity. A few men get rich in public life, but they are only a few. The prizes are as rare as those in the Havana lottery, and much harder to keep after they are drawn. In every town and community there are men eagerly contending with each other for whatever of value there is to be gained in the political field. The young man disposed to work faithfully and diligently will find the struggle much less severe and honorable success much more certain in the circle of business. And he certainly will be more independent. He does not need to bow to those who think themselves superior to him, but are not; he has not to endure the familiarity of every loafer, but can choose his companions for their worth and not because of their "power" at any primary. He can shut his door and retire when he needs rest. Whatever he earns is his own. The professional beggar, who considers politicians to be their legitimate prey, have no claim on him. His peace of mind does not depend upon the outcome of an election or the vote of a precinct, nor his prosperity on the good will of others.

The country is cursed with professional politicians, and they injure themselves even more than they do the public. Every American citizen should be somewhat of a politician, but not try to make a living out of the questionable profession. The young man is wise who does not run after political honors, but waits till they come to him.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Sunday Marriage Engagement Valid.

An opinion was filed a few days ago in the Supreme Court, in the case of Charles Markley, a bachelor of 53 years, against whom Eliza Kessering, a maiden of 38, obtained a verdict of \$998.75, in the Lancaster County Court, for breach of promise of marriage. The parties in this love affair lived in Maytown, Lancaster County. An engagement of marriage took place on Sunday, the 10th day of August, 1879. The courtship had been very short, and was minus the warmth of heart usually displayed in such preliminaries. Indeed, the engagement was spoken of as a most extraordinary affair. Markley purchased his lady love a number of presents, and seemingly prepared for the wedding day. What fire was in his heart, however, suddenly cooled, and one evening he told Miss Kessering, who was a seamstress, that he was too old and lame to get married. He gave as a reason that his father was lying at the point of death, and it would not be proper to marry under such circumstances. His sweetheart never spoke to him again, but straightway instituted proceedings to recover a bail for the affliction of her heart. The jury before whom the case was tried was a business-like one, and, by their verdict, they calculated to the very cent the injury Miss Kessering had sustained. Markley's appeal to the Supreme Court was based upon several reasons, the most important of which was that the alleged contract of marriage had taken place on Sunday, and was, therefore, invalid, the same as any other contract, business-like or social, made on that day. The opinion of the Supreme Court in sustaining the verdict of the jury says that there was nothing in any of the assignments of error to warrant a reversal. The case was properly submitted to the jury, and the fact that the contract of marriage was entered into on Sunday could not avail, in view of the evidence, which was overwhelming, to the effect that the engagement had been subsequently recognized by Markley.—*Reading (Pa.) Times.*

No Nonsense about Her.

"I tell you what it is," said young Spilkins, "that Podgers girl is just the right kind of a girl. There's no nonsense about her, you know, and she's so observing, you know; sees everything there is to be seen, and she's just as economical and modest-like as she can be. I took her out to walk the other evening, and she saw everything in the shop windows. More than a dozen times she said: 'Doesn't that candy look nice?'" And two or three times, as we were going by an open door, she said: "How lovely that smells! It smells just like ice-cream, doesn't it?" But, la! notwithstanding she would like to have had some, she never once asked me to give her any. I tell you, boys, you don't often find a girl like that, so thoughtful and economical, you know." Spilkins says if he ever gets married, Miss Podgers shall be the happy woman, but Spilkins may be mistaken. Miss Podgers may have a word to say.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Home News by Way of the Isthmus.

El Canal, a Spanish-American paper printed at Panama, tells the following story, the scene of which, it says, was in New York city:

"Sir, will you have the kindness to read me this paper?" said a man of very good appearance to an elegantly dressed gentleman.

"I will," responded the gentleman addressed, and directed himself to a street lamp near by, the light of which enabled him to read the following:

"If you give one cry, if you pronounce a single word, a dagger will cleave your heart. Give me instantly your watch, chain and purse, and then pursue your way."

"The gentleman, surprised and terrified, delivered to the unknown without uttering a word, the things that were asked of him, and then both persons walked off in different directions. But after going a few steps the gentleman encountered a policeman, to whom he related what had transpired and seeing still at a little distance the unknown who had despoiled him they approached him, detained him, and carried him off to prison.

"When the day for his examination in court arrived the accused listened tranquilly to the charge preferred against him, playing meanwhile with the chain of the stolen watch. When the accusation against him had been made the supposed criminal arose, and in well chosen phrases informed the court and his auditors that he had the misfortune to lack education; that he knew not how to read or write and that, having found in the street a paper that perhaps might be important, he had requested a gentleman who had passed to read what there was upon it; that the gentleman approached a street lamp, read the paper in a low voice, and without speaking a word, gave to him his watch, chain, and purse, immediately thereafter hastening away without giving him time to express his surprise or ask him what he meant. All this made him believe that that paper was valuable and that the chain, and purse had been given him as a reward for his finding it."

"The court listened attentively to these reasons, and the accused was discharged."

Newspaper Work.

A few years ago the newspaper profession was looked down upon as nothing but a Gehennah for the wrecks and cripples of other professions. A reporter was the very acme of social degradation. Now, however, it is different. Every one of the young men who have just left some alma mater believes that he can write, and that he has but to offer his services to be installed in some responsible position. How many are disappointed the walls of a newspaper office could relate were they able to speak. Newspaper work is not a matter of writing, but of putting as many facts, and as much of them as is possible, in the briefest possible space. It takes a young man fresh from college a long time to find that out, and until that knowledge is obtained they have to suffer many a pang while seeing an editor's blue pencil making sad havoc with their elegant periods, nice illustrations, and worthy introductions. If a man has not instinctively got an eye for news and the faculty of getting it expeditiously he may "polish the sidewalks" for a lifetime and yet be no nearer the goal he started out to reach. The most remarkable thing, however, is the number of women who crowd into the profession of journalism by sheer persistency. Once a woman lays aside her natural reserve she becomes more pushing and irrepressible than a drummer, and thus many succeed in actually forcing themselves into positions. As a rule, they make good news-gatherers in certain departments. A few of them are interviewers, and as such they have succeeded better than most men. But equally, as a rule, women make bad news-writers. They are prolix, and the natural female inclination for postscripts follows them throughout. Besides, they are generally awkward personages to have in an office. They are apt to be exacting and constantly claim privileges on the strength of the deference due a lady from a gentleman. City editors often find them the bane of their lives, and to male reporters there are twenty unpopular to one popular female scribe.—*The Hour.*

Adulteration.

Adulteration has become a science. We water our stock, and sand our sugar, and dilute our prayers with many words, and have fallen so low that we use glue in our ice cream. What an appetizing combination is glue and cream. We don't know what the glue is made of, and for that matter we don't know what the cream is made of, though we have a strong feeling that any self-respecting cow would repudiate the idea that she had anything to do with its manufacture, but when the glue and the cream are properly compounded one is able to buy a heaping plate of the refreshment at the old price, while the profits of the saloon keeper are indefinitely increased. The beauty of the glue is that it makes the ice cream frothy, and deludes the unwary into the belief that he gets a great deal more than he pays for. There may, however, be a moral side to this matter, and if glue taken internally will only make some men stick to their word, and make others stick to their business instead of spending most of their time attending to other people's, it will cease to be an adulteration and become a boon.—*N. Y. Herald.*

More Flesh—Less Fat.

A man's appetite frequently has much to do with his opinions. Forty years ago, when labor was a pleasure, we cared not how much fat was mixed with the flesh of beef. Our digestive organs were equal to any demands upon the system. Less activity has wrought sympathy for the sedentary and the dyspeptic. The largest portion of the beef eaters cannot eat or digest the lumps of tallow on our fattened heaves. Nearly half of the weight is tallow, and is a total waste. Hence there is a demand for beef for city consumption in the United States and Europe with more flesh and less fat. And the inquiry has become so earnest that breeders and feeders are beginning to heed the demand. Even our English customers complain that American beef is made too much of corn and too little of grass. The only way to obviate this complaint is to raise more blue grass and less corn. And the pastures should be so arranged that growing steers can have the advantage of it in winter as well as summer. Corn is not to be repudiated as the food or finish of cattle. Nor is it to be denied that it is a tesh as well as fat producing article of diet. But cattle raised mainly on sweet, tender grass, have a greater proportion of flesh, than when fed mainly on corn. The complaint cannot be remedied altogether by the change of food. It must be largely aided by the breeder in selecting stock inclined to a large amount of juicy flesh and less bone and fat. Our soil and water saturated with lime is calculated to produce larger bones, so breeders must judiciously select small boned and well fleshed animals. We have always contended that the profession of stock breeding meant something, and if it is not employed to improve in every way, the business should be abandoned, and those men called thoroughbred cattle raisers. This is a serious question to consumers, and we plead for more tender juicy flesh and smaller piles of tallow with our beef.

Beautiful Home.

The best test of the worthiness of a community is probably the extent to which it keeps the Lord's day holy. All good things go with Sabbath observance, generally speaking, and all bad things with Sabbath desecration. Another excellent test is the expenditure on education, and another, missionary contributions. As a test of intelligence and activity, the consumption of paper per head of the community has been suggested; and the average consumption of sugar is equally indicative of the degree of comfort in which the people live. But in all the tests of comfort and taste, that which strikes a traveler through a country most readily is the appearance of the dwelling-houses, with their gardens, lawns, fences and other surroundings. Whether these dwellings be cottages or villa mansions, it matters little; it is the evidence of careful attention and good taste that impresses the mind favorably.

It was once said by an accurate observer that the finest object in his extensive garden was grass—that was always beautiful, whilst flowers faded and became unsightly. We may add that all good gardeners pay special attention to lawns.

However small the front court or back yard may be, there should be in it a well-kept lawn; and if there is room, there should be borders or circles or crescents of flowers, giving a preference to those which grow low and continue long in bloom.

A cottage with a nice lawn having a few fine shrubs and a center circle or border of flowers is a beautiful sight, especially if it has one or two trees growing near, but not too near, the house. All beautiful lawns and flower borders should be visible from the road that every passer-by may be gratified.—*Household.*

A Magnificent Telescope for Russia.

The Russian Observatory at Poulkovo will shortly be in possession of a gigantic telescope. For a long time this observatory, constructed in 1839 by order of the Czar Nicholas, possessed the most powerful instruments in the world, but of late years the scientific progress which has been made in England, France and the United States has put the Poulkovo Observatory in the shade. The University of Virginia, for instance, has now the enormous McCormick telescope, the objective of which is 26½ inches in diameter and thirty-three feet long, while the Naval Observatory at Washington has one of the same caliber, and Mr. Leek, a wealthy Californian, is about to place a still greater telescope on Mount Hamilton, near St. Jose.

Four years ago the Russian Government accordingly determined to construct a new instrument which both in respect to its mechanism and optic power would surpass any existing telescope. The astronomer Otto Struve was commissioned to superintend the work, the execution of which was intrusted to Messrs. Alvin Clark & Co., of Cambridge, Mass. The glasses, consisting of an amalgam of flint and crown glass, have been in hand for nearly a year, and by the month of October they will be ready for use. The total length of the Poulkovo telescope will be forty-five feet, and the diameter of the glass thirty inches, exclusive of the mounting. The telescope will be placed in a meadow to the southwest of the principal building of the Poulkovo Observatory, and it will stand upon a movable iron turret which will itself rest on rails. The telescope will be so powerful that the moon will be brought to an apparent distance of only a hundred miles from the earth.—

A Queer Story About Garibaldi.

The writer of an editorial article published in a recent issue of an Italian newspaper called the *Sentinella del Midi*, asserts that Garibaldi was slain at Aspromonte, and has, ever since that fatal day, been impersonated by a Livornese, whose resemblance to him was a matter of public notoriety for some years before the General's death. It is further alleged that the late King Victor Emanuel must be held responsible for the substitution in question, an expedient of his own suggestion for averting a downright breach between the Garibaldian faction and the dynasty. Several of the real Garibaldi's fellow campaigners in Uruguay have at different times testified publicly to the hoax thus practiced upon the Italian nation, but to no purpose, although their allegations have been uniformly supported by indisputable physical evidence.

They point, for instance, to the facts that Garibaldi's hands and feet were small and finely formed, while those of his impersonator were large and ill-shaped—that the former could scarcely write his own name, while the latter was a skilled and fluent penman. "This imposture," observes the writer, "accounts for the unaccountable antipathy entertained by Menotti and Ricciotti Garibaldi toward their dead father's impersonator, whom Menotti could never meet without breaking out into abusive language, while Ricciotti, although resident upon the island of Caprera, steadfastly declined to cross the impostor's threshold." It is worthy of mention that the *Fanfania*, an organ of the Italian Government, denounces the above-mentioned article in good round terms, but, nevertheless, reproduces it in its entirety surrounded by a broad black border.—*London Telegraph.*

Americans as Frog Eaters.

The people of New York are great frog eaters. They consume more of them than do the people of Paris. At present the regular supply is about 300 pounds per day. But frogs are scarce and dear at the present. When they become plenty there will be a demand of a ton of frogs meat daily. The best article comes from Canada in the Ontario district. The general method of catching them is with hook and line, using a bit of red flannel to dangle before the eyes of the victim and attract his attention, when the hook is slipped under his chin and he is snatched up. After being caught they are killed and skinned and packed in tubs, holding about fifty pounds each. Ice is put around them. Nothing but the hind legs and a part of the side and back are sent to the market. The fore quarters have little or no meat upon them. The hind feet are not cut off. At this season of the year frogs retail at sixty cents per pound. As the season advances and frogs become more plentiful the price declines to thirty-five cents a pound. This demand for frogs has all been developed within ten or twelve years. Artificial propagation in the vicinity of New York has failed, it is said, because of difficulty in getting sufficient cheap food on which to feed the tadpoles and young frogs. The consumption of frogs in Boston is also greatly on the increase. The *New York Truth* learns that the largest dealer in Boston sells about 150,000 frogs per year at an average of sixty cents per dozen. In the busy season he employs twelve to fifteen men, who go through Massachusetts and even into Maine and New Hampshire, catching frogs, which are shipped alive in boxes prepared for the purpose.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Artemus and His Babes.

Artemus Ward started in California with an announcement that he would lecture on "The Babes in the Woods." He said he preferred this title to that of "My Seven Grandmothers." Nobody knows why, for there was, of course, to be as little in the lecture about babes, in or out of the wood, as about seven or any other number of grandmothers. "The Babes in the Wood" was never written down; a few sentences only have survived of a performance which was destined to revolutionize the comic lecturing of the age. The "Babes" seem only to have been alluded to twice—that at the beginning, when the lecturer gravely announced "The Babes" as his subject, and then, after a rambling string of irrelevant witticisms, which lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, he concluded with: "I now come to my subject, 'The Babes in the Wood.'" Then, taking out his watch, his countenance would suddenly change—surprise followed by great perplexity. At last, recovering his former composure, and facing the difficulty as best he could, he continued: "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark that, so far as I know, they were very good babes; they were as good as ordinary babes." Then almost breaking down, and much more nervously, "I really have not time to go into their history; you will find it all in the story books." Then, getting quite dreamy, "They died in the woods, listening to the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." With some suppressed emotion: "It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them; so do you. Good night! The success of this lecture throughout California was instantaneous and decisive. The reporters claimed that they could not write for laughing, and split their pencils desperately in attempts to take down the jokes.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Newton Ashton, aged twenty-four, committed suicide at Martin's Ferry, W. Va., recently because Katie Powell wanted to postpone their wedding.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—To Can Corn: For every eight quarts of corn cut from the cob, take one ounce of tartaric acid; cook together and can. Last year we put up thirty-five cans for family use, and all kept well. We have used this recipe for years.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Good spice cake: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sour milk, two-and-a-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and a teaspoonful each of ground clover, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg.—*The Household.*

—Fish fritters: Remove the bones and skin from any cold fish. Make very fine by pounding in a mortar, adding equal proportions of bread crumbs (not too dry) and hot mashed potatoes. Stir in a half teaspoonful of cream, two beaten eggs; season with cayenne pepper and salt; form into small cakes, and fry in butter or lard.

—According to the *Germantown Telegraph* a good remedy for ridding the bushes of the currant worm, and one that has been tested, is "to wet the bushes with a watering-pot, and then dust them thoroughly with sieved coal-ashes. Repeat both one or two consecutive mornings should it be deemed necessary."

—It is a startling fact, and one worthy of serious consideration, that the people of the United States are clearing off thirty-five acres of timber for every acre that is planted with forest trees. We have reached that point in denuding our country of its forests where it becomes the duty of every land-owner to plant trees.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Every cook knows how disagreeable it is to have the nutmeg or cinnamon which is added to cream and sugar for pudding sauce rise to the top of the sauce, and when it is served to have the first spoonful taken out too highly flavored and the rest without taste. To remedy this mix the nutmeg or cinnamon with sugar before pouring on the cream; it will then be gradually distributed through the sauce. Pour the cream on a little at a time, and the spice will tend to dissolve.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Mr. Nelson Ritter, who has handled many thousand dozen eggs in his time, tells the *Rural New Yorker* that the largest he ever saw measured 9½ inches around one way, 7½ the other, and weighed 6½ ounces. The next was a trifle smaller, weighing five ounces. Inside each of these was an ordinary sized egg, with shell hard and complete. Mr. James J. H. Gregory says in the same paper that the sugar pumpkin is a trustworthy cropper, nearly as fine-grained as the marrow squash, and very sweet.

RUMOROUS.

—A West Point cadet who graduated five or six years ago is now an inmate of the Maine State Prison. Some men make a queer choice.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Why did not you send for me sooner?" asked a doctor of a patient. "Well, you see, doctor, I couldn't make up my mind to do anything desperate."

—An exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, popped the question in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since."

—"What is the meaning of the word 'tantalizing?'" asked a teacher. "Please, marm," spoke up Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

—Mater: "So you enjoyed your walk, Kate. Did you go all that distance alone?" Daughter: "Oh yes, mamma, quite alone." Beastly brother: "Then how is it, Kit, you took an umbrella and brought home a walking-stick?"

—Hot weather develops politeness among men. On the shady side of Eighth street the other day hundreds of men took off their hats when the only female in sight was a hoopskirt hanging in front of a store door.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—The weather bulletin says "the rivers will remain stationary." This is truly ungrateful on the part of the rivers. After the liberal app operations that have been bestowed on them, they should each and all rise, if only to express their thanks.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Just down the intervals, where the brake ferns grow rank, she placed her easel and sat by it sketching from nature. "Please, m'am, is that me you're drawing milking that cow in the picture?" "Why, yes, my little man; but I didn't know you were looking." "Cuz if it's me," continued the boy, unmindful of the artist's confusion, "you've put me on the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked way off the lot." Even lady artists need a little practical knowledge.—*New Haven Register.*

—A Mobile paper has a correspondent in Connecticut who, for over ten years, has sent every two weeks a bulky letter, with postage prepaid, sometimes two or three stamps. The letters are never printed and never will be, being dissertations upon some abstract point of international law. The writer's name is unknown, only initials being signed. He was probably taught when young that "perseverance conquers all things," and still hopes to see himself in print and achieve happiness.